

# MAKING the FARM PAY

By PROF. P. G. HOLDEN, Former Dean of the Iowa Agricultural College.



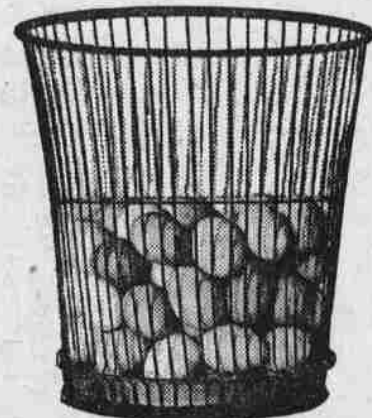
Flock of Purebred Youngsters.

## POULTRY AND EGG CROP

Almost every farmer keeps some poultry. The trouble is he doesn't make the poultry keep him. Too many of them are roosters. A lot more are old hens that lay but a few eggs and then want to rest. Whenever the price of eggs gets high, the old hens go on a strike. They lay in the henhouse when they please, but too much of the time prefer to lay their eggs out in the fence corners. That means they are not gathered until they are stale—and in consequence a low price for the eggs.

The average farmer considers poultry raising a "side issue," a job for women and children—a sort of necessary nuisance in order to provide fresh eggs and a toothsome roast or fry. But after all, this "side issue" branch of the farming business, poultry, nets an annual return in the United States of over \$600,000,000 or enough money to build two Panama canals every year. The Panama canal has been written into the pages of history as one of the greatest achievements of modern times. In its construction our greatest minds in the science of engineering, art and medicine were employed. Yet the farmer with little or no care closes his yearly account with a balance of more than half a billion dollars. Only a very small portion of this vast sum of money is earned by the well-cared-for commercial hen. Ninety per cent of it goes to the credit of the much neglected flocks ranging at liberty on the farms of the country.

**Hen Not Appreciated.** None of us half appreciate the money-earning possibilities of the hen. For example, the cotton growing states during a recent slump in the cotton market due to the European war, joined other cotton producing states in an appeal to congress for federal aid to tide them over the financial difficulty. The appeal was for \$150,000,000 to be distributed in the South through the medium of the federal reserve banks. If these one-crop states had reckoned with the farm hen they would have saved themselves the humiliation of asking Uncle Sam for help.



**60 Eggs**  
What the average farm hen produces

We will take Arkansas to illustrate the point. The average county in Arkansas contains about 3,000 farms. If on each farm there had been 100 hens, each laying through the year eight dozen eggs, only about a quarter of an egg a day, and the eggs had sold for 30 cents a dozen, the income per farm would have amounted to \$100. At this rate the 3,000 farms in each county would have produced \$480,000. Based on these figures, the state of Arkansas with her 74 counties, would have produced nearly a \$500,000,000-dollar egg crop. This sum is far in excess of the money Arkansas would have received as her share of the federal loan and more than half of the value of the annual cotton crop.

This \$500,000,000 distributed among the banks of Arkansas would have relieved one of the most critical periods in the economic history of the state. The earning power of the hen exceeds that of all other farm animals—the dairy cow not excepted.

**Profit in Poultry.** Let us not overlook this opportunity. Any farmer can have poultry. He can make more clear profit out of poultry than the commercial poultryman can make.

First, the care of poultry fits well into the other farm work; the investment is small; feed is cheap; the chickens convert the waste products of the farm into profits. During the greater part

of the year the chickens live on grass, clover, surplus garden stuff, gleanings from the grain fields, litter about the barn and feed lots, and more important than all else, they consume weed seeds, insect enemies to crops and other pests. **Record of Eighteen Ohio Farm Flocks.** Two years ago the Ohio experiment station made a study of the profits in farm poultry. Records of 18 typical farm flocks were carefully kept.

These flocks ranged in number from 36 to 370, some were purebreds; others were mongrels. They were kept, fed and tended just as the farmer had been caring for them before the experiment station asked him to keep a record.

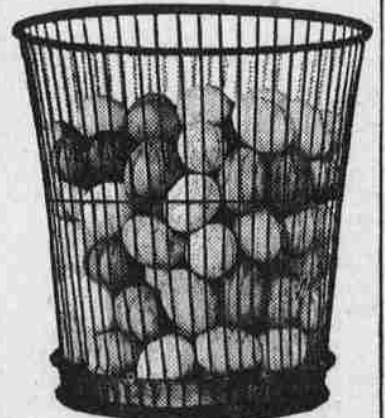
Here are the results of the investigation. For the sake of comparison, we have figured the profit from each flock on the basis of 100 hens in a flock. The best five flocks yielded respectively \$247, \$154, \$153, \$107 and \$104 per hundred hens, while the poorest five flocks yielded \$67, \$69, \$63, \$62 and \$15 respectively. In no case was there a loss. The average profit per hundred hens of the 18 flocks was \$87.

**Poultry Profits.** One hundred hens are worth a hundred dollars—just about the price of a good dairy cow. Records of the cow-testing association in Iowa show that the average dairy cow makes a profit of \$33. Which would you rather do—milk two or three cows or take care of a hundred hens?

Most of us fail to realize that poultry is profitable—the wife pays the grocery bills and every now and then gets a new piece of furniture or a new dress with the "chicken money." But probably not one farmer in a thousand could tell just how much his chickens are paying.

You probably have about a hundred hens—that's the average size of the farm flocks in the United States. How much profit are they producing? Are they above the average or below? Are you getting \$247 or \$15?

**Produce Eggs When Price is High.** Sixty per cent of the eggs are produced in March, April and May. Then the number drops gradually until only one per cent is produced in November. Production remains low during Janu-

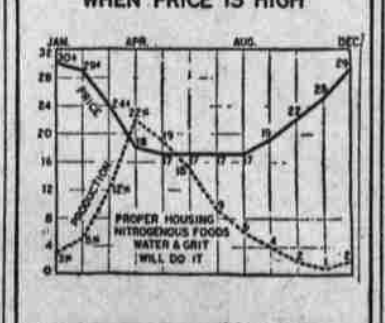


**120 Eggs**  
What she should produce

ary and February and increases to 12 per cent in March. The price goes down whenever the production goes up.

Why not produce eggs in the winter? Get the advantage not only of increased production, but of high price. In January eggs sell on an average for about 30 cents per dozen. The price decreases until in April eggs are bringing only 15 cents. A large number of eggs are put in cold storage at this time and this keeps the price fairly high considering the great amount of eggs produced. The price drops to 17 cents during the summer months because there is such a large number of poor eggs on the market. In September

## WHY NOT PRODUCE EGGS WHEN PRICE IS HIGH



ber the price begins to rise and increases gradually but rapidly until it reaches 25 cents in December.

**Learn From Observation.** Take a day off and visit someone else engaged in your line of work. Perhaps you can learn something from their methods.

**Control Apple Blotch.** Don't think that lime-sulphur will control apple blotch as well as bordeaux mixture.

**Level Bed for Onions.** Onions do best on a level seed bed, with perfect drainage.

**Sliding Doors Preferred.** Sliding barn doors are better than hinged doors.

Why not take better care of your hens and have them working for you during the winter instead of keeping them at a loss during this period? You can produce winter eggs. Put your hens in a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated house, give them nutritious food and furnish water, grit and oyster shell.

Of course, it will be some trouble to increase your egg production. Don't expect results if you go at things spasmodically, doing one or two things and letting the rest go.

Fowls need animal protein food. Bugs and worms furnish this in the summer; buttermilk and beef scrap make good substitutes in the winter.

This chart gives the results of an Ontario experiment. Twenty-five hens receiving buttermilk in their ration made \$11 profit in eight months; a similar flock fed beef scrap made \$10 profit, while a flock receiving no meat or milk was kept at a loss of \$3.

A similar experiment in Indiana shows that hens fed skim milk or beef scrap made a profit of \$1 per hen annually, while those receiving neither beef scrap or milk were kept at a loss of four cents per hen.

If you feed beef scrap, get good quality, testing 60 or 65 per cent protein. Be careful not to feed too much.

Few people understand that eggs are almost as perishable as meat or milk. They belong to the same class of food, but just because they are inclosed in a hard shell, people think they will stand almost any kind of treatment.

Government experts estimate a loss of \$45,000,000 every year from bad eggs. This loss can be prevented by better handling and marketing.

**Loss From Shrinkage.** Five per cent of the eggs in the United States are lost through shrinkage. The shell of an egg is porous. It is made this way so the developing chick can get air during the incubation period.

Seventy-four per cent of an egg is water. Whenever an egg is in a temperature above freezing, this water is



Chums.

evaporating through the shell. The higher the temperature and the more circulation of air there is the faster the evaporation takes place. Eggs grow stale in warm poultry houses, in hot kitchens, on the farm or in the cupboards of the consumer. Egg dealers count that three stale eggs are equal to a rotten egg and pay accordingly.

Gather your eggs daily and keep them in a cool place. Market them as often as possible—at least once a week—better twice a week.

**\$15,000,000 Annual Loss.** Fertile eggs cause a great loss—a loss estimated by the government experts at \$15,000,000 a year.

Two years ago the United States government experts conducted an experiment in Kansas to compare the loss from fertile and infertile eggs. **How Experiment Was Conducted.** Ten thousand eggs, collected from different farms, were used in the experiment. Half were fertile and half were infertile, and every egg was absolutely fresh when it entered the experiment.

These eggs were kept on the farm under ordinary farm conditions. Some were stored in parlors, some in kitchens, some in cellars and some in pantries. Some were put in nests, some under laying hens and some under sitting hens. The same number of fertile and infertile eggs were always put under exactly the same conditions. In a week the eggs were collected and sold to the local grocery store where they were candied. They were then shipped to St. Louis, where they were again candied.

**Results of Experiment.** While on the farm 29 per cent of the fertile eggs were spoiled for food, as compared with only 10 per cent of the infertile ones. On the way to market 14 per cent of the fertile ones were spoiled as compared with 9 per cent of the infertile. This makes a total of 43 per cent of the fertile eggs unfit for food as compared with only 19 per cent of the infertile ones—a difference of 24 per cent. Notice that the greatest loss in both fertile and infertile eggs is on the farm.

Fresh air is as good for hens as it is for people. If you have an open front or a partly open front poultry house you need not worry about the ventilation.

Fresh air does not hurt hens, but drafts are injurious. The north, east and west sides of the coop should be tight to prevent drafts.

Get the habit of cleanliness and you need not fear lice and poultry diseases.

**Select True Breed Type.** Always keep in mind the true breed type and never select an animal, either male or female, that does not conform to the type.

**Corn for Hogging Down.** An ideal variety of corn for hogging down should have a small stalk and with ears set low down. Here is an opportunity for corn breeders.

**No Place for Check-Rein.** Give the horse his head. The field is no place for a check-rein.

## A Loyal Love

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Reuben Waite was just about to thrust his pitchfork into a window of hay when he espied a human foot.

"Hey, wake up here!" he shouted in his customary stentorian tones.

As he spoke, he tapped an extending boot sole with the tines of the fork. The foot drew in, the hay rose up in a cascade and a little well-favored young man was revealed. He brushed dust and seed from hair and clothing and rather shamefacedly confronted the farmer.

"Tramp, eh?" gruffly suggested old Reuben.

"I look it, don't I?" propounded the stranger, with a little bitter laugh.

"You do, for a fact. I say—where did you get those togs?"

"I found them over on a rubbish heap back of the barn."

They were, in fact, an utterly discarded suit Reuben had thrown away as unfit the day previous.

"H'm! your own must have been pretty bad to change for these," observed the farmer.

"They were, for a fact," answered the stranger and his face grew stern and cold. "I'm Tom Lee. I'm a tramp. I'm hungry, give me work."

"Well, I need help," spoke Reuben, after a critical inspection of the applicant. "You look likely, and, if you're honest as well, we may hitch for harvest."

"I'll try to suit," said Tom Lee. "Those togs won't do, though," declared Reuben, and they were, indeed,



"A Striped Suit."

tatters. "Come into the barn and I'll provide something better."

Within a few minutes Tom Lee looked somewhat more respectable in a homespun suit, worn but whole and a yellowed prototype of the great straw hat the farmer wore. He was given a good meal in the kitchen, furnished with a pitchfork by the farmer and put in the day so diligently that Reuben commended him approvingly.

"I'll show you your quarters in the attic," said the farmer after supper.

"There's a cool sheltered nook in that old summer house in the garden," dissented Tom Lee. "If you'll let me have a hay cover and don't mind, I'll bunk in the open air."

"Just as you like," said Reuben. "Ah, there's Nellie, my daughter. Been visiting since yesterday. Put up the rig, will you?"

Tom Lee braced himself and stood like a statue at the hitching block as a young lady drove into the yard, and waving her hand gayly to her father, rounded the house and came to the barn. She alighted gracefully as some nymph, then stood rooted, staring with strangely questioning eyes at Tom Lee.

"You?" she gasped, and her face became bloodless.

Tom simply bowed. He had folded his arms and stood like a man awaiting anger, disdain, censure.

"Why did you come here?" she faltered.

"For a purpose. You need not recognize me, you must not betray me. You will know in a few days."

Old Reuben was coming towards her now and the brief colloquy was suspended.

Tom Lee did not seek to meet Nellie Waite again. He went about his work steadily. If old Reuben Waite had been watchful, however, he would have noticed that the eyes of the new farmhand followed him everywhere and that he sought to be near him whenever he could.

It was three days afterwards when Farmer Waite came upon Tom Lee mending a hay rake. His face was stern and forboding.

"You will have to go at the end of the week, Lee," he said.

"Why, sir?" questioned Tom Lee. "Because I found the clothes you changed for my old suit. You threw them behind some brush. A striped suit."

Tom Lee's chin sank.

"A convict's suit."

"That condemns me, doesn't it?" inquired Tom Lee in a crushed tone. "Do you blame me? If the woman-folks or the neighbors know what you have been, you can imagine their fears. Oh, I'm not going to tell on you, Tom Lee. Of course you are an escaped convict, but I shan't tell anybody. I burned your old suit safely that night. Go your way when Saturday night comes and good luck to you, for you are a faithful worker."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom Lee humbly. Saturday morning early, Reuben came around the barn to bait stock

still and stare, and then, pitchfork in hand, start on a rapid run.

There, carrying a great armful of barley straw to the pig pens was Tom Lee. And sneaking toward him, just emerged from behind a stack, was a lurking evil-faced fellow carrying a big short but heavy hickory cudgel. He raised it and swung out a fearful blow. Tom Lee went down like a shot. His assailant drew back to repeat the blow, when the big straw hat, the prototype of that worn by Reuben, fell off.

"The wrong man!" shouted the ruffian.

"Am I the right one?" announced Reuben. "Sit an inch and I will split you with the fork. Ha, Jim Devlin, I see, I see! March to the house, hands up, or I'll nail you good."

"Stay quiet, lad, you're in good hands." In truly genial, almost affectionate tones spoke Farmer Waite to Tom Lee an hour afterward.

The latter stared hard. He was lying in a bed in the best spare room in the house. His head was bandaged. The farmer sat beside him.

"What has happened?" questioned Tom Lee faintly.

"You saved my life, that's what," came the sturdy reply. "You looked like me in my old suit and hat. A man named Jim Devlin did it. A fellow I sent over the road five years ago for stealing horses. He swore then that he would have my life when he got out. He must have escaped, for he got a twenty-year term."

"Yes, he escaped, and I with him," was the surprising statement of Tom Lee. "I had only a week to serve, but the opportunity came and because I knew he was aimed for you, I joined him, slipped him and came here to guard you against his revenge."

"Why?" uttered the bewildered Reuben.

"Because I loved your daughter. Stay, do not get angry. I was sent to the penitentiary an innocent man. The world will yet know it. I had met your daughter when she was visiting a friend—"

"Yes, father," broke in an impressive voice, and Nellie Waite appeared at the doorway. "He is an innocent man. He saved you—help him. You have wondered why I have refused to marry. It is because of Elston Deane, whom you know as Tom Lee, the only man I shall ever love."

Elston Deane went back to prison to serve out the few remaining days of his sentence, but the law remitted it. Jim Devlin had ten years added to his former sentence. Farmer Waite took up the cudgel in behalf of the man who had saved his life and whom his daughter so loyally loved.

It was no easy task digging up the buried past, but persistence and money unearthed the real criminals, for whose misdoings Elston Deane had so unjustly suffered.

"Truth will prevail," sapiently observed old Reuben, the day that the complete vindication of "Tom Lee" was publicly announced.

"And love will inspire the darkest life with hope and courage!" added Elston Deane fervently, as he wound his arm affectionately about his wife that was to be.

**Rare Breed.** Teddy is the joy of a North Hill neighborhood, not on account of his ancestry, because Teddy is a dog of varied antecedents, but because he is one of the best-natured and most highly accomplished "pups" imaginable.

To be plain and frank, Teddy is a mongrel, and this fact was conveyed to one little boy who urged his father to get him a dog just like him.

The little boy knew Teddy was a mongrel, but his idea of what "mongrel" meant was surprising when revealed to his father.

"What kind of a dog would you like?" the father questioned when he finally consented to make the purchase.

"Just like Teddy," said the boy.

"But Teddy is a mongrel," said the boy's father. "Yes; that's what I want, too," said the youngster, "a full-blooded mongrel."—Youngstown Telegram.

**Shark Bitters.** "Pop?"

"What is it, Rutherford?"

"Is it true that a shark has to turn over before it can bite?"

"Yes."

"And do you think it has to turn over to drink, too?"

"I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"I was just thinking of Uncle Henry."

"What about Uncle Henry?"

"I have often heard you say he drinks like a fish, and I was just wondering if it is because he throws back his head until he nearly lies on his back."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Not Duller by Age.** They still repeat in Chicago and the West a witticism of George Ade's, enunciated at a Christmas dance in the early thirties.

"A very pretty young lady said to Mr. Ade at this dance:

"What do you think of our scheme of decoration—holly leaves over laurel?"

"Well, to be frank," the brilliant bachelor replied, "I'd much prefer mistletoe over yew."—Exchange.

**Muzzled.** Speaking of garters—have you heard of the Harvard students who spied a pair with silver clasps in a Harvard square shopwindow, and thinking to raise a smile, at least, from the charmer at the counter, asked the price of a dog collar, pointing at the same time to the silver-clasped garter? She turned, looked sweetly at the young men, and said: "We do not separate them for puppies, sir."—Boston Herald.

**Mesmerism and Hypnotism.** You may say that "mesmerism" is a form of hypnotism, or you may with equal propriety, say that "hypnotism" is a form of mesmerism. It is as broad as it is long. Mesmerism is so-called from the fact that it first sprang into prominence through one F. A. Mesmer, a German physician of Merseburg, about 1780. The name mesmerism has in these days been eclipsed by the more familiar hypnotism.

**Restful.** "Who is that chap riding on the horse with the driver?"

"That's Smiley, the professional humorist. He's on his vacation."

Do not be like a shadow and follow your friends only when the sun shines.

Some females imagine that they are as pretty as pictures because they're painted.

All quacks are not hatched from duck eggs.

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A stitch in time may close the mouths of nine gossips.

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**Brave Soldier of Fortune**

Grimaldi, Who Drove the Moors From the Mediterranean, Given Monaco as His Reward.

One of the many disappointments of the present war is almost total absence of thrilling stories concerning the soldier of fortune. Even the "foreign legion" of France, that is made up of dare-devils from all over the world, has little or nothing in the way of romance to offer, and the romantic spirits have always been the ones that attached themselves to the French banner.

Did you ever hear of the most distinguished of the Grimaldi family, not the Genoese general who remained at home and fought for his own country, nor yet the artist who did heroic stunts on canvas, nor the sixteenth century Grimaldi who died by the hand of an assassin in the palace at Monaco, but the tenth century ancestor of that prince, who saved Monaco from the Moors? His was an achievement worthy of a true soldier of fortune.

The tiny principality, perched on its seagirt cliff had been settled by the Greeks even before Athens became the greatest city of the civilized world. It was one of the cultural outposts of Rome, and in the fifth century it was an important center of Christianity.

Then the Moors crossed the Mediterranean, extended their sway over Spain and seized the ancient Hercules Moseo Portus and gave over its churches and monasteries to the Infidels. For 200 years they defied the soldiers of Europe, and then Grimaldi came. There had been many wars in Genoa, and here was a chance for a Genoese captain. When his military genius had driven the Moors into the sea, he was rewarded by being made absolute monarch of a country 53 miles in circumference.

**Splitting His Face.** Senator Penrose was discussing a turbulent element in the Republican convention.

"These men," he said, "were animated by the same spirit that possessed Pat.

"Pat, a road mender, was observed by a mate to be holding his heavy sledge motionless high above his head, ready to be brought down the minute the boss looked at him.

"What the dickens are ye doin', Pat?" his mate asked.

"Pat?" said Pat, in a low, reproachful voice. "Can't ye let a chap rest a minute when the boss' back is turned?"

**SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE** and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampooing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Record Breaker.** "Maggie," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye? I'll have ye know, mum, that I've been workin' out for two years, and I've worked for eighty-nine at the best families in town, and I ain't ever bin discharged yet. I'm leavin' this afternoon for a better place."—New York Globe.

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